

Pine Valleys Of Told Tales

THE FLOOD OF 1863

Israel Dodge Allphin was born in Davis County Kentucky. He married Burnetta Collins from Indiana. They were parents of ten children, six boys and four girls, first they lived in Illinois then moved to Texas. Here they were converted to the Mormon Church, and moved back to Illinois where Israel was baptized by the Prophet Joseph Smith. In 1857 they started for Salt Lake in company with John Henry Moody, Brother Collins, William Coldiron and others. Mr. Coldiron was bitten by an adder (a poison snake) and died leaving his wife, Susan Dameron Coldiron with three children and she was going to have another baby. While crossing the plains Susan's six year old son William Henry died. She traveled on to Salt Lake with the Allphin family. Here her baby was born and died when about a month old. Brigham Young advised Israel to marry Susan. He was sealed to Burnetta and Susan the same day in the Endowment House.

While living in Salt Lake Susan gave birth to a son, Joseph Warren and a daughter Susan Emeline.

In 1861 a group, of about 300 families, was called to Southern Utah to settle the town of St. George and reinforce the few towns that were already there. There were 79 families in these towns. St. George was located where the Santa Clara Creek joins the Virgin River. The Santa Clara Creek flows down from the Pine Valley Mountains. In the town of Pine Valley it is known as the Big Creek.

Israel Allphine and James B. Bracken Sr., who were in this St. George group, were called up the creek to settle just above a

place known, for many years as Hunt's Ranch. This was about 7 miles south of Pine Valley. Here Israel built two houses one for each wife. Burnetta's house stood about where the bridge now crosses the creek and Susan's house was about 300 feet up the creek above Burnetta's. The Bracken house was a little way up the hill on the southeast bank. He had been called, with Charles Pulsipher and John Alger to set up a shingle mill on the Gulch below Pine Valley. This mill was located in the Gulch adjacent to Mud Springs.

James B. Bracken Sr. was born in Ohio. When he was a small child his parents moved to Indiana. here he was converted to the Mormon Church. He married Betsy Ann Faucett at Caldwell Missouri. She died soon after and he married Sarah Head in Nauvoo, Ill.. here he lived for a number of years, next he lived in Missouri then moved to Pattawatome, Iowa. He next moved to Utah in 1852 and settled in Payson. In 1861 he was called to go south where he set up the shingle mill on the Gulch.

On July 16, 1863 about dusk Brother Bracken and his sons Will and Bennet were working on the shingle mill in the Gulch. Hearing a roar, they looked up and saw a veritable wall of water pouring down the Gulch. A cloudburst in Pine Valley had sent a flood down the gorge. Seeing the danger that threatened his family and neighbors below, Brother Bracken sent the two boys tearing down through the country to warn the people below. But the flood beat them there.

Mrs. Bracken, at the ranch house down

the creek, heard the noise and thought it was a hurricane. Fearing the house might be blown away, she rushed the family out into a wagon box, near the house, that had been moved from the running gears and set on the ground. Inside of the wagon, they held the covers down tight to keep from being blown away. Finally the eldest daughter, Martha Ann Hancock, clutching her baby, Lon, tightly in her arms, couldn't refrain from peeping out. She was horrified to see that it was a flood and the water had already risen to the edge of the wagon box. She screamed to the rest and they all scrambled out of the wagon and dashed up the hill to safety just in time. Her small brother "Sell" was barefoot and stubbed his toe and cried "damn". His mother stopped and scolded him for swearing.

Meanwhile, Susan Allphin, at her house down the creek, was just putting her baby to bed when she heard the roar. Upon seeing the danger she was frightened to death and decided to rush down to Burnetta's house where Israel was. She snatched up her baby, Hyrum, in one arm and Susan Emeline in the other, and holding them tightly, with the other three children, little Joe Allphin, and Sarah and Martha Coldiron clinging to her skirts she rushed frantically down the stream to Burnetta's house with the roaring stream sweeping after her. Just as she reached the door Israel opened it and took little Susan from her arms. Just at that moment a floating log, from Susan's house, struck her other arm and knocked baby Hyrum into the roaring current which also caught up the three children at her heels and swept them along too. Susan was swept over against Burnetta's house, where she held on to a protruding log. Israel directed Burnetta's family swiftly up the hill to safety just in time to keep from being swept down the stream. They had snatched little Susan from her father's arms and took her with them. Israel, praying to his Maker, rushed back calling, "Susan, where are you?" When she answered, he came and took her to safety.

Israel swam all night in that cold stream trying to locate the children. The baby was found in a tree as though it had been flipped up there by a flipper. When the water had gone down, the bodies of the four children were found hanging naked in the tops of the cottonwood trees farther down the creek. The bodies were torn and bruised almost beyond recognition. All that was left of their clothing were the cuffs and neck band of the baby's little red flannel nightgown that was still clinging to its little neck and arms. Their bodies were taken to Pine Valley where they were buried in the same grave in the Old Pine Valley Cemetery. Later a flood came down and washed away all but four of the graves in the old Pine Valley Cemetery. The grave of these four children was washed away in that flood. The town made a new cemetery out at the foot of the Cedar Hill where there couldn't be a flood.

Not only were these children washed away but the houses and everything in them.

After this flood they all moved to Pine Valley, and built new homes. Burnetta moved to Salt Lake and lived with one of her children until her new house was built.

Brother Bracken bought Pulsipher and Alger out and moved the shingle mill up the Gulch to just below the Cedar Knoll.

After the flood the Brackens and Allphins moved to Pine Valley Upper Town. When the sawmill business died down the people moved to the Lower Town where they farmed and raised cattle and some had other occupations.

Israel was the shoe maker of the town and could also give people legal advice if they needed it. He also held many church positions. Susan was a mid wife. Burnetta lived in Pine Valley until her death July 27, 1874 and is buried in the Lower Town Cemetery. After the St. George Temple opened in 1879 Susan and Israel sold out in Pine Valley and moved to St. George.

Brother Bracken spent the rest of his life in Pine Valley and is buried there.

MOSIAH L. HANCOCK AND THE INDIANS

This story was first written by A. W. Ivins but the following story was rewritten from the Ivins story with corrections and more information added to it by M. E. Bracken who was present the day the incident took place. Mr. Bracken was a brother-in-law to Hancock. Mr. Bracken gave me this information.

Rewritten by Bessie Snow

If one were to stroll out in the hills about three miles southwest of Pine Valley, he would come to a high plateau, near the base of the mountains, where the ground is covered with great granite boulders, which have rolled down from the mountainside above. There one will find a place known, to all the inhabitants of Pine Valley, as the Mohoganies, because of the heavy growth of these trees with which the mesa is covered. Running off to the north is a depression known as "Indian Holler." If you were to ask any of the old settlers, how the place received its name he would tell you the following story:

In the fall and early winter of 1866, the climate was extra mild for Pine Valley. The snowfall had been light that year. The day after Christmas three Indians were seen hanging about the town. Two of them were tall and slender and had strayed in from the Navajo Reservation out across the Colorado River. The other, who was a local Indian, was short and fat and had some of his front teeth missing. Most of the time the settlers were on the look out for raiding Navajos, but this day they attracted little attention because they were accompanied by a local Indian who was a friend of the whites or at least pretended to be. They were hanging around George Burgess's store doing a little trading. The youngsters of the village were standing curiously by watching the dusky fellows trade bags of bright blue Mexican beans for tobacco and yards of bright calico. The children had never seen beans like

these before and were very much interested, but were still frightened enough of the Indians to keep in the background and not get too close. As the day began to draw to a close, the Indians mounted their scrawny ponies and rode away toward the old trail that crossed the lower end of the valley and made its way out over the south mountains.

As hay was scarce in the valley at that time, most of the town grazed their horses out in the Mohoganies and went after an animal whenever they needed one to work. The local Indian, who pretended to be friendly to the whites, had really come to lead the Navajos over the trail and show them where Pine Valley ranged their horses. They had come into town on the pretense of trading but really to learn the geography of the country, learn where the horses were, and how they could best make their escape.

The next morning "Cy" Hancock, a young man of 27 and a resident of the valley, saddled up his little mare Nell and rode out to the Mohoganies in search of one of his work horses that he needed. Joe Earl, who had planned to go with Cy, wasn't ready when Cy called so he went alone. He reached Mohogany Flat and was riding among the boulders, and a heavy growth of trees when he suddenly spied three Indians camped down in the hollow eating their breakfast. Thinking they were friendly Indians, he called to them. At first they ignored him and pretended not to hear and went on eating. When he called again, they left their breakfast, laboriously climbed up

out of the hollow, and came toward him. They were on foot, but chose a position where it would make his escape impossible on his tenderfooted mare. He began talking and they made signs of friendship, and made him understand they wanted tobacco. He showed them that he had none. One of the Indians, under pretense of looking for tobacco, searched him, and upon discovering that he was unarmed became insolent. One of the Navajos took hold of his bridle while the other stood in the trail which led toward town. The local Indian knelt with an arrow fitted in his bow. Cy recognized the local Indian and thinking him friendly, didn't sense at first that there was anything wrong. Finally the Indian, who appeared to be spokesman, gave him to understand that they intended to kill him, steal his horse, and cover his body with dry leaves. They thought he was pursuing them to recover the horses they had stolen, and had hidden down in the hollow.

Finally the local Indian drew his bow and arrow ready to shoot, but Cy shouted to him to stop and he lowered his weapon. The Indian holding the bridle reins clutched them tighter and the local Indian again drew his bow, this time to the head of the arrow. As the bowstring twanged, Cy threw himself over backwards turning a somersault over the hindquarters of his horse and lit on the ground in a sitting position, and the arrow passed over him. Quickly scrambling to his feet, Cy dashed into the underbrush, and made for town as fast as he could go, the Indians in hot pursuit, sending a shower of arrows after him. He had on a long tailed coat, the tails streamed out behind him and were soon filled with arrows. One arrow went through his beard and stuck in the collar of his shirt, another passed through his arm just above the wrist. A full mile this race continued with the Indians in hot pursuit. The arrow shaft, sticking in Cy's arm, caught on the underbrush and hampered his flight, so he broke it off, leaving the arrowhead still in his arm. As they approached the lower end of the valley, they

could see a wagon and ox team coming up the road so the Indians gave up the chase.

Exhausted from the chase and suffering from the wound, Cy reached the road just below the Lower Fields. There he met Old Man Coachee coming in from the Gulch with a load of posts. Upon hearing Cy's story, Coachee laid his birch whip upon the backs of his oxen and sent them tearing into town with the wounded man, and shouting to all he passed that there was an Indian raid. When he passed the school house shouting "Indians," my Grandfather William Snow, the teacher, and all his scholars came pouring out into the road like kernals of corn from a popper. Cy was rushed to his father-in-law, James B. Bracken's house, with the students trailing after. There in Brother Bracken's house, they laid Cy on the floor, and Athe Meeks, with a pair of bullet moulds extracted the arrowhead, and under primitive treatment which in those early days afforded, the wounded Cy was soon healed. They were relieved to learn that the arrow head had not been poisoned. The Indians sometimes poisoned their arrow heads by placing a piece of liver in front of a rattlesnake then making the snake angry by tantalizing it. The snake would keep sticking the liver. After the liver was filled with poison, they would rub their arrowheads in it.

The news of the shooting soon spread through the town. Ranse Allphin, who was asleep when the word came, got the news misconstrued and thought there was an Indian raid in the valley. He caught up his six shooter, slipped a hackamore on his speckled mare, and dashed up into town ready for combat.

At this period there was no telegraph or telephone in town, so the quickest way to send a message was by a man on a swift horse. Within fifteen minutes after the alarm had been spread a mount of minute men were under way going out to the Mahoganies after the Indians under the leadership of George Burgess. Rance Allphin saddled his speckled mare, and soon

disappeared in a cloud of dust out over Pine Valley ridge headed for St. George. He was going out to notify the militia there and warn other settlers that the Indians were out stealing horses.

Cy reported that he had seen a band of horses gathered near the Indians's camp-fire. George Burgess and his men followed the Indians's tracks until they found a small band of horses. Burgess and his men found only three of the horses, in the bunch, belonged to Pine Valley. The rest had been stolen from other settlements. One of the three was a large gray horse belonging to James B. Bracken Sr., one was a colt, and the other was Cy's black mare Nell. Down in the bottom of the hollow, they found the remains of an old gray mare that belonged to Erastus Snow. The Indians had killed and breakfasted on her that morning. Upon a flat higher up they found an old mare of Sylvester Earl's filled full of arrows. The Earl mare was always used for the bell mare in the Pine Valley herd because she was so wild that no one could get up to her but Brother Earl. Evidently the Indians had tried to get up to her and couldn't, and so to prevent the whites from tracking them by the sound of the bell they had finally filled her with arrows. This flat, where they found her, has been called "Earl Flat" from that day to this.

As the men knew the Indians would come down the south side of Pine Valley Mountain and head straight for the Navajo country across the Colorado River, Captain Copeland hurriedly mobilized a small force to take up and follow the trail of the marauders, while Captain Freeman, with a detachment of men from Washington, hurried up to Virgin City, to join Capt. James Andrus, who had collected a force at the latter place. The combined strength of the two detachments numbered about 80 men.

The force hurried forward hoping to cut off the retreat of the Navajos toward their own country, night found them camped on the Cedar Ridge about 8 miles from Pipe

Springs, where M.J. Whitmore and Robert McIntire had previously been killed by the Indians. Ammon M. Teeny saw away off across the plains, near Bull Rush, on the west side of the Kanab Gulch, a light which he thought was reflected from a fire. He awoke Sixtus E. Johnson, the corporal of the guard, and after consultation they awoke Capt. Andrus. He unhesitatingly declared the light was reflected from a fire and there were Indians near because he could smell them.

Orders were immediately issued, and in a few minutes the men were mounted and noiselessly moving toward the light which shone in the darkness, several miles away. A convenient wash or gully made it possible for the militia to approach to within 150 yards of the unsuspecting Navajos, who were busily occupied with their breakfast of broiled beef.

Dismounting his men, Capt. Andrus, to whom the direct command had been intrusted, left a detail to hold the horses and with the remainder of his force attacked the camp. At the first fire the Navajos scattered, but as the command of their chief rang out they came together and faced their assailants, notwithstanding the great odds arrayed against them. Slowly they retreated to the top of the neighboring ridge, where they made a stand, returning shot for shot. Capt. Andrus now ordered his men to remount and take the position which the Indians were holding, by assault. Charging straight up the bluff, the Capt. rode leading his men. As he rushed up the slope to the rocks above, Ammon Teeny, who was at a different angle, saw an Indian on the crest of the ridge, one knee on the ground, his bow bent to the arrowhead, waiting for the Capt. to appear. Frantically Teeny shouted, "Look out Capt. Andrus that Indian will kill you." Instantly Capt. Andrus reined his horse, a high spirited animal, which threw up his head and received the arrowhead, intended for his rider, in the forehead. The arrow was so deeply embedded in the skull of the horse that it could not be removed until the

settlements were reached where it was extracted with a pair of blacksmith shoeing pinchers.

As Charles Hilton, from Virgin City, dashed between Teeny and the Indians, Teeny shouted, "Charles, dismount and take shelter under your mare." Hilton instantly threw himself from the horse and as he did so an arrow stuck quivering in his saddle.

The battle was soon over. The Indians were either killed or scattered, when Andrus called his men together, only three were missing. In his group of men were three from Pine Valley. They were John Thomas, William Braken, and Wilmer Burgess. When they rounded up the stolen horses, they found animals belonging to people in all the surrounding settlements. All the Pine Valley horses were recovered except the two the Indians had killed. Seven of the Indians were killed.

The following year the Indians made

another raid on the Pine Valley horses. They were again pursued and most of the horses were recovered. After that Pinto, Pine Valley, and Hebron banded their horses together down at the Old Castle in Pinto Canyon and the men took turns herding them. They built a stockade corral for the horses at night. The Indians tried to raid this place by tying sage brush to their backs and crawling forward on their stomachs to open the corral gate. However they were discovered and the raids stopped after that.

Later the whites and Indians had a fight in the ledges back of Washington. The toothless Indian, who had led the Navajos into Pine Valley, was killed in this raid. Robert Lloyd and Edward Warren were in this band of whites. Robert Lloyd was Justice of the Peace of Washington County at the time. One of the Indians, was shot in the abdomen and could be seen running while he held his bowels that were dropping out.

ATHE MEEKS AND THE ROBBERS

This story was first written by William R. Palmer. Jeter Snow gave me some more information that I added on.

Rewritten by Bessie Snow

During the early history of Southern Utah, the mines of Pioche, Nevada were booming. During that period many freighters from Dixie took loads of produce to these mines. The men from St. George and surrounding settlements took fruit and vegetables, while the men from Pine Valley and Grass Valley and ranches up the Santa Clara Creek took loads of lumber, grain, potatoes, butter, and cheese. At this time there were no banks in this section of the country so the men were always paid in gold for their produce. Because of this a band of robbers used to hide among the cedar and pine trees along the road side between Pioche and Ruby

Valley and hold the men up, as they were returning home, and rob them of their gold. This condition grew so bad that Wells Fargo, who was in charge of the mines, was finally forced to establish banks in this area so the men could be paid with checks instead of gold. The banks refused to cash the checks unless the person could prove he was the one the checks had been made out to.

The following is the story of one of these holdups:

Athe Meeks, one of the early settlers of Pine Valley and later of Parowan, had taken a load of lumber to Pioche to the mines. He was driving four good mules. His little eight

year old daughter, Sadie, had gone along with him to visit relatives in Nevada. Athe had sold his lumber and was returning home with only the running gears of his wagon. He had fixed his bed roll on the hind hounds of the wagon for Sadie to sit on, while he was riding on the bolster with his feet on the tongue hounds. Turning a sharp curve in the cedar trees, about 8 or 9 miles east of Panaca, Athe came face to face with three armed men on horses. He knew all three of them. One was known as "Little Frank," another was Sereco, these two were Spaniards. The third was Al Miller of Washington.

Sereco stopped in the road, ahead of the team, with a drawn gun and called out, "Stick 'em up." At the same time Miller rode down the left side of the mules, and "Little Frank" down the right side, both with drawn guns pointed at Athe. Instead of obeying, as they thought he would, Athe hurriedly slipped down between the two wheel mules and came up under the mule on "Little Frank's" side. He had drawn his gun, and as he came up he seized the reins of Frank's horse and gave a jerk. The horse threw up his head, which diverted Frank's aim, and his shot went wild. Athe shot both Frank and his horse.

Meantime the mules had been between him and the other two outlaws, who had lowered their guns thinking "Little Frank" would get him. Athe got a good shot at Miller and killed him instantly. "Little Frank" had already turned his horse and fled into the trees. Sereco decided not to hang around any longer and fled into the trees on the opposite side of the road than Frank had.

In the skirmish the frightened mules turned around and ran down the road into Panaca with little Sadie still hanging on to the hind gears. People, seeing the runaway team and frightened child, ran out and caught the team. Sadie told them what had happened and a posse went armed at once to

the scene. They met Athe calmly walking down the road and found Miller's body where he had dropped from his horse.

The Spaniards had fled in different directions, but "Little Frank's" trail was easy to follow by the trickle of blood that was flowing from both him and his horse. Three miles out in the trees they found where Frank had fallen from his horse and struggled back on. A half a mile farther they found him lying dead and not far beyond they found his horse dead also. Sereco never showed up in this area again.

Athe had killed two of the outlaws and had not received a single scratch himself. He freighted over the road for years after but always carried a rifle across his knees ready for action. He was the kind of man that robbers didn't care to mix with.

As a result of this incident, Athe's name became known far and wide. A number of years later Athe was traveling down a rough narrow road out in Rabbit Valley. He came to a very narrow place in the road and met one of the notorious gangsters of Robber's Roost. Athe was heavily loaded with freight while the gangster had a light load. The gangster stopped his team and ordered Athe to turn out for him. Athe refused claiming that he had a heavy load and it was the other's place to turn out. Finally the gangster shouted out,

"Do you know who I am?"

"No, replied Athe.

"Well I'm Butch Cassidy."

Athe looked him straight in the eye and said, "Do you know who I am?"

"No." retorted Butch.

"Well I'm Athe Meeks from Pine Valley" he replied.

Butch caught up his lines and turned his team out of the road while Athe went on his way.

After I read the story of Butch Cassidy's life by Charles Kelly, I'm sure there was a twinkle in Butch's eye as he turned out.

MARTHA MAGDALINE SCHWAB BINLEY FRELEIGH

Martha Magdaline Schwab Binley Freleigh, known to all in Pine Valley as "Sister Freleigh," was born in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania and belonged to a well to do family. There she was married to John Binley, but she left him because she said he was unfaithful to her. When she joined the Mormom Church, her family were angry with her and would have nothing to do with her after that. She said all she got from the family estate was a cow that she called "Blassam."

She joined with a man and his family who were crossing the plains. The man told her she could come with them for nothing if she would help his wife around the camps. So she came bringing her cow with her. After reaching Salt Lake she worked in the home of Apostle Ezra T. Benson. She asked Apostle Benson's mother if she could marry him. She said yes if it was all right with him. After he died she went to the Temple and was sealed to him. Uncle Johnny A. Gardner stood as proxy at the sealing and she got it into her head she was sealed to him also, and was angry when he wouldn't do things for her. The people of the town used to laugh with Uncle Johnny about this.

When she left Salt Lake and moved to Southern Utah she at first lived around Belvue. When the Indians made raids on the whites, she shouldered her gun and went out with the men to fight. She was very masculine and as strong as an ox. She next moved to Washington and worked in the Old Cotton Factory there. There she met and married William Freleigh. They had just one child that lived only a short time.

They moved up the Santa Clara Creek and settled just above Alfred Jeffery's place, that he later sold to Henry Chadburn and the place was always known as Chad's Ranch. She used to tell us children about getting out in the creek, with water up to her waist, to

make a dam so they could get water out on their fields. For a while William Freleigh and Joseph Carpenter had a Keg Factory on Blue Spring above Right Hand Fork in Pine Valley Canyon.

One evening while they were eating their supper, of ground corn and milk, under a brush shed in the front of their house, Brother Freleigh dropped dead and fell over on the table. They belonged to the Pine Valley Ward, so the bishop came over and took his body to Pine Valley where they held his funeral and he was buried there.

After his death she moved to Pine Valley. As she had little to live on the ward kept her. At first she lived in Jim Jacobson's old house then was moved to the north west corner of the block across the street south of the church. There she lived in a little two roomed frame house. She still had a few head of cattle that decended from "Blassam". When the cattle of the town were brought in at spring Roundup, she would follow along by the herd looking for her few head of cattle that might be there. She always kept a milk cow in the pasture that was back of her house. Toward evening one could hear her out calling her cow. She would call, "Blassam, come Blassam, come and be milked." She was past 90 when I can first remember her, yet she used to get out and cut lucerene, with a sythe, for her cow. She did her own milking. I have seen her catch a calf by the tail and one ear and pull it away from its mother with the ease of Paul Bunyan.

She wasn't just dirty. She was plain filthy. Everyone in town always said, "Dirty as Sister Freleigh" if they were trying to describe some unclean thing. Her house and lot were overrun with cats who left their souviners all over the floor. She would set a hen in her kitchen. She handled chickens so much that she often had mites crawling in

her hair. When she opened the door the cats poured out like the children out of the Old Woman's shoe. The Relief Society took turns doing her washing, ironing, cooking and going to her house to give her any help she needed. The deacons were supposed to take turns chopping her wood. As the deacons were twelve year old boys, the wood often went unchopped. They spent most of the time, they should have spent with an ax, trying to shoot her cats with a flipper. The things she needed like sugar, coal oil, matches etc. she got at the store and charged the bill to the ward. The Relief Society kept her in clothes and bedding. She used to feed sick hens coal oil and sugar. She growled about everything that was done for her. She complained because the boys cut her wood too long, or too short, mostly because they didn't cut it at all. She often took a long uncut stick of wood and put it in the fire box and set fire to it and then kept pushing it in as it burned. The people worried for fear she would set fire to her house. But it did no good. She did as she pleased.

She would limp along and complain about her lame back as long as someone was watching her. Then get out and lasso a calf when she thought no one was looking. If anyone asked her how she was she said she thought she was going to die of palpitation of the heart the night before. When the bishop asked her who put up her living room stove, she retorted, "Why, Marthie Freleigh and I, of course."

It seemed that we children were always carrying food down to her. Her dinner was sent to her ready cooked so she could sit down and eat it when we got there. For supper and breakfast, the women kept her supplied with food, but she prepared it herself when she got ready to eat. She always complained about the food that we took to her. It was too sweet, or too sour; it was cold as slop or hot enough to scald a pig. (I know it was never too hot because we children generally took from twenty minutes or half an hour to walk a block.) She would

taste the food and say, "My Laird, this is salty. You Snows and Gardners will kill yourselves putting so much salt in your food."

When we went to her house, she would tell us to put the food on the table or on a chair just inside the door. She was generally reading and hardly looked up from her paper. She often asked us to wash her dishes or our mothers had told us to do so before we left home. The dishes were always covered with flies and the dish water was cold. Often she would give us a pan of water that had been setting on the floor by the stove with the cats drinking out of it. Her dish rags were so slimy that it felt like picking up a handful of jello and trying to wring it out.

She kept her milk cow in the tithing church barn on the church block during the winter and got potatoes from the tithing cellar. One day she was carrying a bucket of potatoes across the square from the cellar just as the bishop came by. She began to complain about how heavy it was and that the men should carry them for her. He said, "I see you carrying water to your cow all the time."

"Yes, but I can set the bucket of water down and rest," she replied.

"Well, can't you set the potatoes down and rest?" he asked.

"Why, I never thought of that," she said laughing.

One fall she began to complain about the men not getting her winter wood to her when she thought they should. The bishop went down to see her and asked, "Well, did the men finally get your wood to you?"

She retorted, "Yes, and there wasn't a dern thing to it but Th-h-h-u and ashes."

That has been a Pine Valley by-word ever since when anyone is trying to describe a person or thing that doesn't amount to much, they say, "There isn't a dern thing to him, her, or it, but Th-h-h-u and ashes."

She used to talk to herself a lot. One day Myrtle and Alice Bracken took her a lard bucket full of plums. After they went out they could hear her talking. She would say,

"Oh yes, thank you very much, I think I will have another blue plum." She would eat a plum then repeat over, "Oh yes, thank you very much, I think I will have another blue plum." Then she would eat another plum. She repeated this over and over as she ate the plums.

Mahala Bracken's family used this expression whenever they saw something they wanted.

The side walk by her fence had many tree roots sticking up. We children would go stumbling along with bowls, tumblers, lard buckets, and plates full of buttermilk, potatoes and gravy, creamed vegetables, ham and pieces of cake slopping down the sides of the dishes or scooting off from the plates into the dirt and dead leaves. We would keep stopping to lick our fingers or break little pieces of frosting from the cake. I remember one day my Aunt Nellie sent her daughter, Thelma who was my pal, and me down with a bowl of peach pickles. We went running along holding hands, stumbled on a tree root, and fell flat. We skinned our knees and the peaches shot out into the dry leaves, cattails, and rotten tree stumps, but a little of the juice stayed in the bowl. We were afraid to go back and tell Aunt Nellie, so we scooped the peaches up in our hands and slipped around to the back of our house to get some water to wash them off. The well bucket was empty and we weren't big enough to draw another bucketfull, and didn't dare ask anyone to draw it for us for fear they would ask us what for. So we hid behind the big cottonwood tree in our back yard and washed them off in the chicken pan, slipped them back into the bowl, and added a little water for extra juice, cleaned off the outside of the bowl and went on our way.

The only thing that I enjoyed about going to Sister Freleigh's was I liked to look at the big colored picture above her little hexagon table. It was a large print of the Duchess of Devonshire. It was dirty and fly specked and hung on the ugliest green wall paper one could imagine. But I loved the blue dress

and large white plume.

Her house was so dirty that once each year the Relief Society women with their grownup daughters would go down and clean it out, and get her started for another year. When the carpet got so stiff from cat fluid, chicken tracks, spilled dishwater, spit, and upset Thundermugs, they would go down and take it up and burn it and put down a new home made carpet.

When the town made up the program for the 24th of July celebration, they often asked her to sing a song that had been composed about Johnson's Army coming to Utah. She would end each line with a high shrill piercing note. The following is the song she sang:

When Uncle Sam he first set out his army to destroy us says he, "The Mormons we will route, they will no more annoys us."

The force he sent was competent to "try" and "hang" for treason, that is, I mean it would have been, but don't you know the reason?

As they were going up the Platte singing many a lusty ditty, saying we'll do this and we'll do that when we get to Salt Lake City.

And sure when they got there, they made the Mormons stir, Sir. That is, I mean they would have done, but, oh, they didn't get there.

Chorus:

There's great commotion in the East about the Mormon question,

The problem is, to say the least, too much for their digestion.

When they got within two hundred miles, the old boys they were saying.

We'll put an end to Mormon crime; We'll catch them while they're sleeping,

We'll hang each man who has two wives, we've plenty of rope quite handy."

That is, I mean they would have had, but

Smith burned it on "Sandy."

Then they returned with awful tales, saying
the Mormons beat the Devil;

They ride up hill and over rocks as fast as on
the level.

And if perchance you shoot one down, and
surely think he's dead Sir;

The first thing you know he's on his horse,
and pushing on ahead, Sir.

Then on Hanis Fork they camped a while,
saying, "We'll wait a little longer.

'Til Johnson and his men come up and make
us a little stonger.

Then we'll go on, take Brigham Young, and
Heber his companion."

That is, I mean they would have done, but
were afraid of Echo Canyon.

Now Uncle Sam, take my advice, you'd
better stay at home, Sir.

You need your money and your men to
defend your rights at home, Sir.

But if perchance you need some help, the
Mormons will be yours, Sir.

They've helped you once and will again, that
is, if they've a mind, Sir.

She was tall and skinny. Her few straggly
gray locks were drawn back in a hard knot on
the back of her head and many loose ends

hung in her face. She had one or two old
yellow teeth sticking out in front. She was
very wrinkled and the cords of her neck
stood out. All she lacked, to keep her from
looking like an old dame from the hills of
Arkansas, was a corncob pipe.

This was the common talk of the town:
Wrinkled as Sister Freleigh; ugly as Sister
Freleigh; old as Sister Freleigh; dirty as
Sister Freleigh; and toothless as Sister
Freleigh.

She was very brilliant, read a lot and could
remember everything she read. The town
wondered if she might not be relation to
Charles M. Schwab the president of the
Bethlehem Steel Corporation of Penn. who
made a fortune in the steel industry. He was
born in Williamsburg Penn. The bishop
wrote to him and asked him if he knew. He
replied that he didn't know.

She was very active almost to the end of
her life and was keen and alert to the last.
She finally got to where she couldn't live
alone so the ward hired Marian Gray, who
had moved from Pine Valley to Central, to
take care of her the last few months of her
life. She turned 99 on Dec. 14, 1913 and died
January 16 1914; and was buried beside her
husband in the Pine Valley cemetery.

IN DEFENCE OF POLYGAMY

There is a bunch of whiskey bloats preluding
our fair land;

They are here to see our country laws
enforced;

They say that the laws, there ain't enough to
punish Mormon crime,

And for more they are always on the yelp .

CHORUS

Murray holds the reins; the whip belongs to
Zane;

Old Ireland and his aids will go below;

And Old Dixon will do well to engage a place
in Hell,

For the road he is on will take him there, I
know.

They say the Mormons are a lot of low-down
dragons,

And they're going to rid the land of such a
crew,

Or they will build a pen large enough to hold
Mormon men;

And in them they will shove the women, too.

WILLIAM P. SARGENT AND JET WOODWARD

William P. Sargent was a brilliant lawyer from Georgia. He was a soldier in the Confederate Army during the Civil War. During the war he and another Confederate soldier were captured and placed in prison at Rock Island, Ill.. They escaped and were able to join a group of immigrants, coming west, without getting caught. They figured they would stay with this group until they reached a place where they could leave and return to the Confederate Army. On the way they received word that Lee had surrendered and the war was over. Sargent decided to come on to Salt Lake. When he reached Salt Lake he was converted to the Mormon church.

He moved down to Lehi and taught school. One of his older students was Maria Snow, the daughter of my Grandfather William Snow. He fell in love with Maria and married her. After their marriage they decided to move to Pine Valley where Grandfather Snow had been called and taken his families. He was an excellent school teacher and lawyer. He and Joseph I. Earl did carpenter work together making barns, houses and furniture. They built the lean to on the back of the Fred Jones house which was later owned by Frank Snow. After Frank's death the house was remodeled, by his daughters, and the leanto was torn off. Today Frank's daughter, Bessie Snow, lives there. He also built a house across the street from the Fred Jones house. Peter Hanson had first lived on this corner. Then Sargent built a house for himself and lived there until he later moved to Panguitch about 1879. After that Robert Gardner's wife Lenora lived there for some time. Then Robert's son R.B. Gardner lived in the house and raised his family until he moved to Cedar City in 1915. Peter Beckstrom bought the house and lived there until 1918 when his father-in-law, James B. Bracken

Jr. died. He then moved his family to his Father-in-law's house. Peter's son Vere and his wife Elizabeth Snow Beckstrom lived there until the summer of 1979. That summer they remodeled the house, Vere died and his wife still lives in the remodeled house.

Sargent also built a house east of the one he lived in. He lived there until he built the house where he lived before moving to Panguitch. He sold this house to James B. Bracken Jr., who added some brick rooms to the back of the wooden part Sargent had built. James B. raised his family there. This is the house Peter Beckstrom moved to. Today his son, Gordon lives there.

Sargent also ran the Post Office in Pine Valley. While he was Post Master the mail ran between Pine Valley and Cedar City. At this time he wrote the following letter to the editor of the Deseret News:

Pine Valley, Utah
April 3, 1870

EDITOR of DESERET NEWS:

Dear Brother,

There are some things that need correction in our day and time, that are very vexatious in their present situation, and as I am one of nature's fallible creatures, permit me to find fault with some of my fellow laborers, the postmasters or someone else connected with the mail affairs. I see many complaints through your columns, and I was hoping no occasion would bring one from this section of the country; but alas, they come. Our mails to this place have been in bad condition since the commencement of the present year, and they grow worse. The papers were almost a quarter reaching us; and our registered mail matter has been aggravating for some time. I will give you a few items; March 17, 1870 p.m. Moore forwarding a bill to this office from Salt Lake

corresponding packages received yet. Yesterday was our mail day and I received a bill from Mr. Moore again stating that 3 registered letters, from this place, had failed to reach there in the proper time, causing much anxiety to the persons who sent them. All the mail that was sent from here last Monday came back by last mail as "An April Fool". (Poor thing to fool with.) I think that if some of our Postmasters would use more cold water and less "Old Rye," "Jamacia," and "Valley Tan," mails would be more prompt. Especially Cedar City, and would make a reform for me.

Your Brother in the Gospel,
Wm. P. Sargent

Uncle William P. Sargent was a very large man and extremely strong. They said he could lift a 100 pound sack of grain and toss it into a bin like the average person could toss a baseball.

Jed Woodward also came to Pine Valley from Lehi. He became angry at a school teacher in Lehi, when he was about 15 years of age, and went home and got a gun and came back and shot and killed the teacher as he was sitting at his desk. Why nothing was done to him I do not know. After reaching Pine Valley, he set up a saloon on the northwest corner of the block across the street east of the church. All mothers in town tried to see to it that their daughters didn't associate with Jed. He, like Uncle William P. Sargent, was also very large and strong but not near as large or as strong. Jed prided himself on the fact that he could out box, or out wrestle all of the young swains in the village. His one aim and desire was to

out wrestle Uncle William P., if he could just do that he would win the gold medal.

One Sunday Jed was driving his team, attached to a single bed wagon box, past the meeting house just as church was letting out. The people were coming down the church steps. Uncle William P. was with Aunt Maria carrying the baby as they came down the steps. Jed decided that would be a good time to try to lick Uncle William P. He might be successful and that would be a grand place to do it where he had a large audience. He stopped his team, put on the brake, wrapped the harness lines around the brake and leaped out of the wagon. He crossed the church grounds and reached the crowd just as Uncle William P. arrived at the bottom of the steps. Jed doubled up his fist and struck Uncle William P. right in the middle of the forehead just as hard as he could smash. Uncle William P. calmly handed the baby to Aunt Maria, reached out and caught Jed by the back of the neck, lifted him off from the ground, as if he were a sack of peanuts, doubled up his fist and struck Jed a blow in the ribs. Then he calmly took the baby and went on home. Jed's ribs were broken and he had to be taken to a doctor in Beaver. On his return he told the fellows of the village, "I knew I'd been hit."

Later Uncle William P. and Jed both moved to Panguitch. Jed was doing something that was against the law. He was running down the street to escape the officers and was ordered to stop. He kept on running and Frank Pace, the sheriff, shot and killed him.

MARY COMES TO

During the polygamy days of the Mormons Uncle William Gardner married Mary Burgess. He built a lovely big house. It was the finest one in the whole town. Later he married Aunt Jane Thomas. Mary was very jealous of Jane and developed poor

health and lay in bed much of the time. She wouldn't let Aunt Jane live in the lovely big new house but insisted that she live with her mother. If there was extra work to do it always fell on Jane's shoulders.

Uncle William had a farm in Grass Valley

that was just over the Cedar Hill north of Pine Valley. One day he was going over there to mow hay and was taking Aunt Jane along to do the cooking. He fastened a mowing machine to the back of his wagon and was going down to get Aunt Jane. Mary informed him that he was not to let Aunt Jane sit on the wagon seat beside him but must place her on the seat of the mowing machine. Their hired girl was my Aunt Mellissa "Lis" Meeks who later married my Father's brother Willard. Their hired man was Mary's own brother, Abe.

Uncle William drove the 7 blocks down the street to get Aunt Jane. He suddenly remembered something he needed and so drove back to his house to get it. Mary heard the wagon, raised up in bed and looked out the window. There she saw Aunt Jane sitting on the wagon seat beside Uncle William. She toppled over and fainted dead away.

Abe screamed, "Quick "Lis" empty the chamber on her." Mary came to immediately.

THE MARE THAT RAN ALL NIGHT

When the people first settled the Dixie Country they found that it was a good place to grow grapes. They also learned that these grapes made excellent wine. The Mormons were opposed to their people drinking wine but they knew the Non-Mormons drank it. They found they had a good sale for wine at Silver Reef and the mines in Pioche, Nevada, so Brigham Young had the Mormons raise grapes and make wine to sell to these people. They were paid in gold and silver for the things they sold to the mines. They needed them to pay their taxes. Other things the Mormons needed they could get by barter. But Brigham gave orders that the Mormons were not to drink the wine themselves. Brigham should have known that the best way to get children and teen-agers to do things is to tell them not to. I have always said that the world's first lesson in child psychology was when God told Adam not to partake of the forbidden fruit.

Many of the young Mormon teen-agers drank wine. Uncle Jeter Snow told me the following story. The Dixie people used to come to Pine Valley to get lumber to build their homes, outbuildings, churches, fences

etc. and they often brought kegs of wine and sold to the young swains of the village. The boys ran in gangs together. One gang would get a keg of wine and try to hide it so that one of the other gangs couldn't find it. Once Uncle Jeter's gang got a keg of wine and hid it under what Pine Valley people have always called Uncle William's Big Cottonwood tree, a tree down by the fields. It was winter time and they were having a dance. The fellows had a small one horse sleigh about 18 inches high that one person could stand on at a time. One fellow would come out of the dance, step on the sleigh and ride down to the keg of wine, take a drink and come back to the dance. Then he would be followed by another fellow. This went on and on with the old gray mare, who was fastened to the sleigh, going back and forth between the keg of wine and the dance hall.

Finally the fellows all became so drunk that they didn't know what they were doing. The next morning, when they sobered up and went out to do their chores, they found the old mare still running back and forth between the wine keg and the dance hall.

Uncle Jeter later became bishop of Pine Valley a position he held for over 40 years.

A NIGHT IN JAIL

Brigham Young's daughter Susie married Dr. Dunford a dentist and they moved to St. George. There he was called on a mission. While he was gone, Susie fell in love with Jacob Gates Jr. and had an affair with him. When Dr. Dunford returned from his mission and saw the situation he decided to get a divorce. He and Susie quarreled over who was going to get their two children. She hired a man to hide them. When the divorce case came up in court my Grandfather William Snow was Probate Judge in Washington County. He asked Susie when she had last seen her children. She replied

that she couldn't remember. Grandfather said that perhaps a night in jail might freshen her memory. It did.

After he and Susie were divorced Dr. Dunford moved to Salt Lake. Several years later my Grandmother Snow needed a set of false teeth. She went to Dr. Dunford to get them. When he learned that her name was Snow, he asked her if she was any relation to Probate Judge William Snow. She said that she was his wife. He said, "No wife of William Snow's is going to pay me for a set of false teeth." and gave her the teeth for nothing.

MITT MOODY AND THE BEAR

Sometime during the year of 1906 a huge Grizzly Bear came into the Pine Valley Mountains. It roamed across the Rencher, Whipple, Water Canyon and Pine Valley Mountains as far as Forsythe Canyon and back again, but never went anywhere else. It was the only bear the people here ever saw or heard about except one. During the early history of Pine Valley the Indians killed a black bear, they called Crack Foot, up in the Mahoganies. This Grizzly was always called "The Bear." It roamed in this area and killed cattle until September 1908. During those years it killed between 200 and 300 head of cattle, most of them belonged to James B. Braken Jr.. During those years two people said they saw him just as he disappeared into the trees and brush. Roy Holt, who was just a boy, said one morning he rode a horse to Pine Valley from their place in Grass Valley. He followed the trail that went around the west end of the Cedar Hill. Upon his return he saw the bear go into the brush. Willard Gardner, whose family lived in Grass Valley during the summers and Pine Valley in the winter, said he too

saw the bear in the mountains near the north side of the Cedar Hill.

The men did everything they could to get rid of it but were unsuccessful. It evidently killed the animals at night and hid up in the day time. The people finally applied to the Forest Service for help. Mitt Moody, who had taken the examination for Forest Ranger and passed the test, was appointed as hunter for the Forest Service with instructions to put all his time and effort into capturing The Bear. He spent a lot of time but was not successful. So Mitt was finally appointed Forest Ranger with his headquarters at Pine Valley. Here he was assigned the duties of a ranger but was told to keep a lookout for The Bear. As losses continued the Pine Valley stockmen finally offered a \$300 reward for the capture of The Bear.

The Forest Service finally sent to Iowa for a man named Walker to come with dogs and see if they could tree The Bear. Walker came with six dogs; two Bull Terriers, two Fox Hounds and two big Cougar Dogs. But this method did not work. Finally a

sixty-pound bear trap was brought in and set along the trail near places where animals had been killed. This method also failed. Next they poisoned animals he had killed, but they found when he returned he would just turn the carcass over but would not eat it.

Animals were found that he had dragged through the brush. Some of them were so large that it was hard to believe that any animal had that much strength. At one time a big bull was found dragging its entrails over the sage brush. After killing the bull to get it out of its misery, Mitt followed back over his trail to a place where there was much blood and hair. He decided the bear and bull had met between two ledges and as neither would give up the trail the bear had taken a swipe at the bull and let his entrails out.

Sometimes when we had extra heavy snows in Pine Valley snow banks could be found up in the mountains all summer. People would often go up and get some of this snow, bring it to town and make ice cream. Once Uncle Reuben Gardner and Ed. Whipple were going up Middle Fork to get snow to make ice cream for the Fourth of July. As they crossed the creek they could see tracks where The Bear had just crossed before them. The tracks were still wet. Ed said the only weapon he had was a pocket knife.

Uncle Jeter with Levi and William once crossed the Big Creek above Sell's Grove and saw wet bear tracks where The Bear had just crossed.

In September 1908 Mitt was on top of Pine Valley Mountain stamping some timber. As he started home towards sundown he ran across The Bear's tracks where he had crossed a small stream of water. The ground was still wet so he figured The Bear was not very far ahead. He could not see him but he could hear him crashing through the timber. So he shot in the direction of the noise. As it was getting dark he rode down to Pine Valley and went back the next morning to where he had been when he shot. He was

surprised to see blood on the trail so he knew he had shot him the night before.

The place where he had shot him was in Hop Canyon along the trail that leads to Cabin Valley. The opposite side of Hop Canyon leads over a mountain down to Middle Fork. He followed along that way and could see by the blood tracks that The Bear had gone over to Middle Fork.

So Mitt came to Pine Valley and told the stockmen he was sure that if a group of men went with him the next morning they could get The Bear. So a group of men got ready to go.

October 11, 1963 I went to Wallace Bracken's home in Salt Lake City and he told me the rest of the story. He was the only person who was still alive who had gone with that group.

Wallace said that on Monday morning about 15 men went with Mitt to see if they could find The Bear. He said he couldn't remember the names of all of them but gave me the names of the ones he could remember. There was Mitt Moody, John Hancock, a taxidermist from Mesquite, Nevada, Wallace Bracken and his brothers Lawrence and Arthur, Peter Beckstrom, and my Father Frank Snow. John Whipple let Wallace take his Father, Ed. Whipple's 44 gun. Uncle Reuben Gardner, who was getting ready for the threshers, let Father take his gun.

They later found that when Mitt had shot The Bear it had been in the left shoulder. It had gone over the mountain into Middle Fork and hid under an overhanging rock on the left hand side of the stream as one is going up the stream. The men scattered out in a circle. Wallace and John Hancock were with Mitt. Wallace and Hancock went a little to the right and Mitt to the left. The Bear heard Mitt and came out from under the rock where it had been lying on a bed of leaves. Quaking aspen and oaks were in front of the rock. The Bear wounded and angry came out towards Mitt. The trees hampered him. Mitt, frightened to death, shot as fast as he could as The Bear came

towards him. He shot 14 times into the butt of the Bear's left ear making a bloody circle about 6 inches in diameter. The Bear mashed the trees down in front of the den as he headed for Mitt. The trees flipped back as he passed over them. There was blood about 25 feet from the trees. Wallace and Hancock heard the shooting and The Bear growling. They rushed to Mitts aid. The Bear was still alive but so near dead it couldn't walk. It was just breathing its last. When Wallace and Hancock arrived Mitt was white as a sheet and frightened nearly to death. They felt sure that The Bear would've killed Mitt if the trees hadn't been in front of the rock. They hampered The Bear and gave Mitt time to shoot.

The other men came rushing in. Mitt cut The Bear's throat. The men turned The Bear over, cut it down the front, and removed its insides while Lawrence Bracken came to where the men had left thier horses tied, got on a horse and rode to town to get a wagon. The rest of the men tied lassos to The Bear and used riding horses to drag it across the creek to meet Lawrence, when he returned.

While the men waited Wallace stepped it off from where Mitt stood to where The Bear was when it came out of the den and Mitt

began to shoot. He judged it was about 80 feet. He also stepped it from where Mitt knelt to where The Bear finally died and judged it about 30 feet. When Lawrence returned with Arthur Bracken's single bed wagon the men loaded The Bear on and took it to town. There they waited on the tithing office scales. It weighed 1040 pounds. The town turned out in mass to look at him. They got up a dance and supper to celebrate the event. Quite a few people had come to town for thrashing season. One of these was Haden Church who made up the following song for the program.

"The Bear came over the mountain
The Bear came over the mountain
The Bear came over the mountain
To see what he could see
He saw a herd of cattle
He saw a herd of cattle
He saw a herd of cattle
And grabbed the big J.B.
He grabbed the big J.B.
He grabbed the big J.B.
He saw a herd of cattle
And grabbed the big J.B."

J.B. was J.B. Bracken's brand.

By Bessie Snow

UNCLE NAT AND THE ROBBERS

Uncle Nat Gardner was very sharp and quick witted. The people around this area used to take loads of produce out to the Pioche Mines in Nevada. At the period when people first began to drive cars, some had cars and some still used wagons. Once Uncle Nat took a load of produce out to Pioche in a wagon. On his way back home a car, with two men in it, drove up beside his wagon. One jumped out, held a gun on him, and ordered him to stop and hand over his wallet.

Uncle Nat said, "Surely you wouldn't take a man's last penny from him would you?"

The fellow replied, "We mean business, hand it over."

Uncle Nat took his wallet, which contained \$300 which would buy a lot in that day and tossed it to the man. The fellow dropped it into his overcoat pocket, tossed his gun into the back seat of his car, and was just going to step back into the car. Uncle Nat had an old gun lying by his feet in the bottom of the wagon. It didn't have a single

bullet in it and he said he doubted if it would have gone off if it had. He reached down, caught up the gun and pointed it towards the man and said,

"O.K. hand it back."

The fellow jerked his overcoat off, dropped it beside the road and said, "My God, don't shoot," and jumped back into the car.

Uncle Nat said, "You get that car down the road and over the hill just as fast as you can or I'll fill your tires full of bullets." The fellows drove the car away as fast as they could make it go.

Uncle Nat said, "I not only got my \$300. back but a new overcoat as well."

After Uncle Nat's wife Aunt Rose died, he lived alone in Cedar City. His children all lived quite a long way from him. So his 3 girls would often come and clean his house up and do his washing. Once it was Ercel's turn to come. When she got there, she saw his dishcloth that was real soiled and dirty. She said, "For heaven sake Dad why don't you use a clean dish cloth?"

He replied, "I don't have one."

Ercel said, "Why there are some in this drawer that Ella washed for you when she was here."

He said, "I've used it for so long that I have become attached to it."

THE ONE GREAT TRAGEDY

Samuel J. Burgess was born July 8, 1826 at Shrewbury, Shropshire, England. He and his wife joined the Mormon Church and came to the United States. They had the following children: Laura Marinda, Samuel Israel, Mary Elizabeth, Thomas William, and Cleopatria. Shortly before they reached Salt Lake his wife ran off with a soldier and left him with this family of children. The youngest was just a baby. He came to Salt Lake and was living there in 1853. He was among the group called to settle the Dixie Mission in 1861. Some of this group settled St. George, while others were called to settle in the few surrounding towns that were already there.

Samuel was called to settle in Pine Valley where he and Ebenezer Bryce built the fourth sawmill in the valley.

He put up with many hardships. It was a struggle to care for those five children, without a mother's help, especially when one was a baby. Years later he married

Mahala Mathews Thomas Gibbons. Mahala's Thomas husband died and she married Richard Gibbons who left the church.

Sam's daughter Mary Elizabeth "Lizzie" attracted Israel Allphin's son, Rance, to the point that they became sufficiently intimate enough that she became pregnant. Sam ordered Rance to marry her. He refused saying that he had had a wife, before coming to Pine Valley, from whom he had never been divorced. Sam ordered "Lizzie" out of his home and one of the Nay families took her in and cared for her until after the child was born. The child was named George Allphin and was born December 1874, and later died when about three years old.

When Rance refused to marry "Lizzie" Sam threatened to shoot him. Both of them went armed after that. As time went by Sam became more upset almost to the point of insanity.

Robert Gardner lived in Pine Valley with three of his wives: Jane, Cynthia and LeNora. October 1875 he decided to go to Salt Lake to Conference and take his wife LeNora with him. At that period the main traveled road out of Pine Valley went over the north ridge passed Grass Valley, then went down a very winding road along a deep gorge known as Pinto Canyon. When it reached Pinto the road forked. The fork on the left went out to Pioche, Nevada where the men from Pine Valley took loads of lumber, grain, potatoes and other produce to the mines in Pioche. The fork on the right went east then north to Salt Lake City.

Robert and Lenora stopped in Pinto and were seated on the ground eating their lunch when Sam Burgess came by and stopped to talk with them. Robert asked Sam what he was doing down to Pinto. Sam said that Rance had taken a load of produce out to Pioche and his folks expected him back that afternoon; and he was waiting for him and was going to kill him. Robert talked to Sam and asked him what good would it do. He told him that two wrongs never made a right. He got him calmed down and thought that Sam was going back to Pine Valley. He said if he had known what was going to happen later he would have stayed with Sam. But they parted and Robert and LeNora went on to Salt Lake. Sam started back to Pine Valley. As he went along he evidently became more perturbed as he went up the canyon.

The road that leaves Pinto, going to Pine Valley, winds its way south along the gorge.

Then it turns sharply to the east and is fairly straight. Again it makes a sharp turn to the south. Just across the gorge before it makes this turn is a meadow known as "The Dairy." The place was fenced in because it had been used for a "Dairy". At this sharp turn there was a large clump of oak trees next to the road. Sam turned his horse loose in "The Dairy" and hid in this clump of oak trees.

As Rance was driving his span of mules along the road to the east he glanced up and saw Sam's horse in "The Dairy." He guessed that Sam was hid near by so he laid his gun on the wagon seat beside him and kept a close watch for him as he rounded the clump of oaks and headed south. His mules pricked up their ears and Rance picked up his gun. Sam waited until Rance had passed by then stepped into the middle of the road and fired his gun striking Rance in the back. In the words of Sell Bracken, "Why the old man ought to have knowed better. There wasn't a one of them Allphins that wasn't a perfect shot." Rance whirled around, fired his gun and got Sam right in the middle of the heart." Sam dropped dead right in the middle of the road.

Sam's bullet cut Rance's portal vein in two. Rance began to bleed profusely. He became so weak that he had to lie down. He watched for the fork in the road that turned toward George Burgess's place in Grass Valley. That was closer than Pine Valley, and he knew he needed help as soon as he could get it.

George Burgess lived in Grass Valley in the summers and Pine Valley during the winters. His home there was right across the street from Cynthia Gardner's, one of Robert's wives who had stayed home while

he and Lenora went to Salt Lake. George's wife, Rhoda, and Cynthia were very good friends and their children played together. The day Robert and LeNora started for Salt Lake Cynthia decided to have her sons drive

her over to Grass Valley and spend the day with Rhoda. The Gardner and Burgess boys were down in the field below the house playing. Cynthia's eighteen year old son, R.B., said they saw a wagon, with no driver, coming up the road, and Rance climbed out and crawled over to the fence and called to them. They hurried down. He told them to run up to the house as fast as they could and tell their father that he had been shot, and to please come get him as soon as he could. Upon hearing the story George rushed down and took Rance up to his house. They all gathered round while Rance told them what had happened, he said they would find Sam dead in the middle of the road down by "The Dairy."

George and the women did everything they could to stop the bleeding, but couldn't. Rance died about 3 o'clock in the middle of the night October 11, 1875. They took his body to Pine Valley and sent some of the men of the town to get Sam's body in the road by the clump of oaks.

Ira Joseph Earl and William P. Sargent made the coffins for them. The whole town was upset. I asked Sell Bracken if the town took sides on the affair.

He said, "I should say they didn't. Both families were loved and respected by all the town, and they all felt terrible. They all figured that Sam had gone through so much with his first wife leaving him with those children to raise, and then "Lizzie's" problem added to it that he was mentally upset."

Rance and Sam were both buried in the Pine Valley cemetery. Rance lies beside his mother Burnetta who had died July 27th the year before. Sam lies at the foot of my Grandfather William Snow's grave under a Cedar tree that has grown there since he was buried.

When people were called by the church to settle down in Arizona, Sam's children went down there. "Lizzie" married Wm. D. Newton, after his death she married H.R. Sturgeon and later Henry Raymond.

BILL BRACKEN STORIES

Bill was Pine Valley's town wit

Once Bill was going out West, with a load of produce, and stopped in Pinto over night. He stayed at Uncle Robert Knell's place. He ate supper in the house but slept in the barn. After supper he started to go to bed. As he was leaving the house, they warned him that it was very dark and that there was a clothesline across the back yard so for him to

be careful and not run into it. As he crossed the yard he held his hand in front of him feeling for the line. All of a sudden the line struck him across the nose and almost knocked him over. He said, "Well, I always knew I had a long nose, but that is the first time I ever knew it was longer than my arm."

Once a man gave Bill a pocket knife and told him to keep it until he could find a man uglier than he was, then give the man the knife. Bill carried the knife several years until one day he met a very ugly man. He gave him the knife and explained why. The man replied that he thought Bill was the homlier of the two. They began to argue

about it. Finally another man came along and they explained the situation to him and asked him to decide which one was the homlier of the two. The man was embarrassed and said that he was not a very good judge of beauty, and didn't like to decide.

Bill piped up, "Hell, you didn't think this was a beauty contest did you?"

Bill was driving a team around Cotton Wood Canyon, a very crooked winding road. He said he went around a turn and met the ugliest man he had ever seen and asked him who he was. The man replied that he was Bill Bracken. Bill retorted, "Why you're not either Bill Bracken I am." Then Bill said, "I suddenly discovered that I had gone around a turn and met myself coming back."

Someone once asked Bill what kind of weather they had in Pine Valley. He replied, "We have nine months of hard winter and three months of damn late in the fall."

On a trip out West, Bill once met a man on a narrow place in the road where it was hard to turn out, the other man's wagon was drawn by four mules. They argued for some time about which one was going to turn out and let the other pass. Finally a hard looking old hag of a woman poked her head out from under the wagon cover and began to shoot off her head at Bill. He caught up his lines, turned out of the road, and called out, "You win, you have four Jacks and a Queen."

Once Bill got drunk and became very ill. He leaned against a wagon wheel and began to vomit. Dave Morris called out, "Sick Bill?" Bill replied, "Good God, you don't think I'm doing this for fun do you?"

Bill, Uncle Jeter Snow, and Athe Meeks once got into a quarrel. Bill knocked Uncle Jeter down so Athe whirled on him. Athe had a knife and accidentally cut Bill on the neck. Bill screamed and became excited. He said he knew he had been stabbed because he could feel blood running into his boots. They pulled off his old pull on boots that had his trouser legs stuffed into them. Sure enough the boots were wet inside but not with blood.

Uncle Jeter took Ma, Carrie Jacobson and Aunt Alice Snow down to Central to Brother Chad's funeral. After the funeral they went

over to Bill's place for a chat. When they got ready to go, Bill was determined they should stay for supper, and kept insisting. Uncle Jeter said no they would have to be going because it would soon be sundown. Bill said, "Hell Bishop, I could get down on my hands and knees and crawl to Pine Valley before sundown."

Bill was once describing a flood that went down the Santa Clara Creek. He said it washed away everything in sight except the gopher holes.

Once Bill was over to Brother Warren's house when one of the children came running over and called, "Pa, Pa, come quick the cat's fallen into the well."

"God damn the cat," fumed Bill, strode home and filled up the well. After carrying water from the neighbors for a while, he grew tired and went and cleaned the well out.

Brig Lund used to run a store in Modena. He furnished all kinds of things for the freighters who passed through there. He had such things as hay, grain, stables, horse shoeing outfits etc.. His family moved to St. George during the winters. When the family wasn't there, the men used to go in and out of his house without knocking because Mr. Lund was generally at the store. He would let the men go and help themselves to the things they needed. Once Bill needed something to help him shoe a horse. Mr. Lund sent him to the house for the things he needed. The family had returned for the summer and were eating dinner. Bill didn't notice them until he had opened the door and walked part way across the room. He never said a word but turned around, walked out, and shut the door. Then he turned around and knocked.

Bill once took some wheat to Stanley Calkins to have it ground into flour. Stanley was so slow that Bill became impatient and blurted out, "Damn it Stanley, you grind so

slow that I could eat the flour as fast as you grind it." "For how long?" Stanley asked. "Until I starved to death," replied Bill.

Once when Bill was hauling lumber from out on Mount Trumble, his brake gave away going down the hill and the wagon ran into the horses heels and frightened them. They ran away and the load came off and scattered all over the hillside. Bill said, "I never said a word until I had gone on to the top of the next hill. Then I got off and looked over the country and laid it off in quarter sections, then gave it the most systematic cussing it ever got."

Bill once told his son, Tone, to go get some cows out of the lot. Tone was lazy and told Bill to go do it himself. Bill said, "What's the sense in having a dog if you have to do your own barking?"

Once Brother Warren went to Bill's, ward teaching. He gave Bill a sermon on observing the Word of Wisdom. He told Bill he should stop smoking and drinking. Bill agreed and said that he knew he should live a better life and stop his bad habits. When Brother Warren got ready to go, Bill accompanied him to the door and said, "Well, I smoke and you steal chickens so I guess we'll reach heaven about the same time."

Once Bill said that there were three liars in Washington County, he was one and his neighbor, Hen Holt, was the other two."

Bill was once crossing the Santa Clara Creek at Chad's Ranch when the water was very high. He got into the middle of the stream and his tugs came unfastened. He waded out into the cold stream to fix them. The water came up past his waist. Brother Chad, sitting on the bank calling out suggestions said, "Aren't you cold Bill?" "Well, I'm not a damn bit sweaty," he said.

Bill once said that if suits were selling for

10 cents a dozen, he couldn't buy the sleeve out of a vest.

Bill said if Pine Valley had another fiddler as good as he was they could have an or-kes-tree.

A group of farmers were once discussing marketing conditions at a Farm Bureau meeting. Bill said, "No man is so far from the market as the one who has nothing to sell."

Bill had been in the habit of going to St. George and getting drunk on Dixie wine. He was often taken to court and fined all the way from \$3.00 to \$10.00. Once they took him to court and the judge asked him if he had ever been drunk and in court before. He said plenty of times. So the judge decided to fine him enough to cure him so he fined him \$50. Bill protested and said, "Getting drunk is worth a dollar and a half. It's worth two dollars, It's even worth ten or fifteen, but I'll be damned if any man's belly full of wine is worth a fifty dollar fine." Bill said for some reason he never cared for Dixie wine in St. George anymore.

When Bill began to get old, someone mentioned that he couldn't get around as well as he used to. He replied, "If my feet could keep up with the dictates of my head, I could get over this country like a mountain sheep."

One day someone was telling Bill how something fit. he said, "Yes, it fits like a saddle on a sow."

Once Bill got into a fight with a fellow and got licked. When he got through, Clara his wife, said, "Bill if you had used your left hand like you did your right, you could have licked that fellow." Bill asked, "Do you think so Clarie?" "Sure," she said. So Bill whirled on the guy and licked him.

One of Bill's daughters went with a fellow

that Bill didn't like. One night, when the fellow came to call, Bill said to him, "If you come back here again, I'll kick you so far that your clothes will be old fashioned when you get back."

Once Bill's daughter, Myrtle, came to visit and brought her little child that was at the age to get into everything. Finally Bill got tired of it and said, "Well Myrtle, I don't know how you feel about it, but I feel like you had about worn your welcome out."

Bill went to the court house one day. A new fountain, that you turned on with your foot, had been installed. Bill fumbled around trying to turn it on and couldn't find out how. Finally a girl came out of one of the offices and told him to step on the lever. He said, "Well, I've drunk a lot of water in my day but that is the first time I have ever had to paw for it like a horse."

Bill was noted for talking to himself. When asked why he did it, he replied, "Because I like to talk to an educated man, and like to hear an educated man talk."

When the telephone company first put a line through from Modena to St. George, they hired Bill to haul poles for them. They paid him \$3.50 a day for himself and team. That was very good pay in that day for that type of work. When Bill took his first load of poles out to Modena, he met some men and was telling them about his good job. They asked if they were paying him \$3.50 both ways. Bill retorted, "By God now, they better or I'll not come back."

Bill bought a wagon from a company that Warren Cox was agent for. He promised to pay for it in a certain length of time. After the time was up and the bill was still unpaid, the company kept writing to Bill about it. Everytime he got a letter, he would get hopping mad. Finally three years went by before he finished paying for it. When he got ready to make the final payment, they

charged him \$23. for interest. He said, "By Gad, I'm going to give them an extry dollar for being so damn good to me."

Bill once started to Pine Valley from St. George. He had a little too much Dixie wine before leaving. He went up the road a way then turned his horses around and started down the street on a lope. He came clattering down Main Street past the Tithing Office, whirled the corner, and drew up in front of James Andrus's Store and stopped. He stopped so quickly that he shot off from the seat and pitched forward into the wagon box. He picked himself up and shouted to some men on the sidewalk, "I can lick any damn Mormon in town." Deputy Sheriff Lancaster, arrayed in his best bib and tucker with his chest held high to the elements, stepped forward to do his duty. He was the least loved man in town. Turning toward him Bill called out, "Rubberneck, if you'll go into the store and tell Jim to come out, I'll give you a dance ticket." The sheriff took Bill to court where his friends soon had him free, but he had given the sheriff a name that remained with him for the rest of his life.

Bill said there wasn't a man in Pine Valley brave enough to go home and tell his wife that the calves had got the milk.

Once, when Bill was playing for a quadrille, one fellow on the corner was trying to show off by swinging his neighbor's partner instead of his own. Bill kept watching out of the corner of his eye. Finally he stopped fiddling and shouted out, "Now damn it, you stop that or the dance is out."

Once a fellow, who was angry at Bill, began calling him dirty names. An onlooker said, "Bill, if I were you I'd lick him. I wouldn't take that from anyone." Bill answered, "Do you think I can?" The man said, "Of course you can." Bill replied, "Well, I'll try it. I've used my own judgement so many times and got licked, I'll use yours this time and see if I can lick

him."

Cy Leavitt came home from a mission and, unknowingly, brought home the smallpox. They had a party for him and the whole town turned out. Everyone either kissed or shook hands with him. As a result, the whole town came down with a disease. Warren Cox was telling Bill about it. Bill said, "My God Warren, what am I going to do? I passed him on the Modena road the day he came home and the wind was blowing."

Once Bill's brother Bennet returned from St. George and was telling how many people mistook him for Bill, Bill interrupted in the middle of the story and said, "I'm just as ashamed as you are."

Once Bill met a man, with a loaded wagon going up a hill as he was coming down with an empty one. The man wanted Bill to turn

out and Bill refused. He just stopped his team and sat there. The man got angry, climbed out of his wagon and went over to Bill and shouted, "Damn it, you get down off from that wagon right now. I'm going to give you a right down good licking. Bill said, "Hell I had a better offer than that up the road. The man I passed up there offered to come up and get me."

Once Bill came to a narrow place in the road and could hear another team coming round the bend. A man and his wife were in the wagon. Bill overheard the woman say, "You make him turn out." Bill stopped his team a little off the road but not far enough that the man could pass without turning out. He climbed down, unfastened his tugs, took down his grub box and horse feed, and began to kindle a fire so he could cook his noon meal.

THE LANGUAGE AND AMUSING INCIDENTS

One year two families from Kane County moved to Grass Valley for a short time. One of the men was stricken with a case of acute appedicitis and was feared dying. The next day one of the boys from there came to Pine Valley for their mail and was asked how his father was. He answered, "He is better but pretty worser yet." The answer is still being used to describe illnesses that are critical.

Brother and Sister Carr were among the first pioneers in the valley, they had no children and were better off financially than most of their neighbors. She possessed blankets and other domestics that were the envy of other women. When she died he made the mistake of marrying a girl who lacked Sister Carr's skills and became the subject of village gossip in the way she treated her household goods. Sister Bullard was describing some of her work and said,

"Why the fool boils woolen socks." That describes the pinnacle of ignorance.

Merril Bracken was a cow puncher who spent much of his time on the range. One winter he was on the Beaver Dam caring for cattle. When he came home once his mother asked him why he had not brought his dirty clothes home for her to wash. He replied that he washed them himself at his camp. When she asked him how he did it he said, "Oh, I put a five gallon can of water on my campfire and put soap in it, then I nailed an empty can to a long stick and punch them in the suds then rinse them and hang them on the bushes to dry. They come out white as a maiden's thigh."

Merril was out on the range one summer and decided to come home for the Fourth of July. He came through Enterprise where a

barber had a chair in his home. Merrill decided to get a haircut and shave before he got home. The barber started to shave him but frequently cut him slightly and would put a bit of toilet paper on the wound to absorb the blood. On getting up to leave he handed the barber a dollar who said, "I don't charge that much, fifty cents is enough." Merrill said, "When I find a barber, a butcher, and a paper hanger all in one I'm not going to be cheap about it."

Another time Merrill was riding with an older cow man, George Platt, when they came into camp one night, George said, "You take care of the horses and I'll start supper." When Merrill returned George was scrambling eggs and a can of salmon in the frying pan. George said, "Have you ever tasted this before?" "No," Merrill answered, "But I've stepped in it sometimes but never eaten it yet."

When the New Castle Reclamation Company had all the Japanese and Southern Europeans hired there to build a canal, J.X. Gardner was the engineer in charge and had to make frequent telephone calls to Salt Lake. There was only one phone in the valley which was operated by his Aunt Alice Snow. One day when he came in he said to her, "All these men are driving me crazy."

"You wouldn't have far to go would you," she answered?"

"Oh, I wouldn't need to take my lunch."

As J.X. was on that same job he frequently had to spend a night in St. George where he stayed at the Old Dagget Hotel. On one trip he found that Mrs. Dagget had cut some of the rooms in two to make room for more customers. On his return he said that the rooms were so small that if one went in, ate a dried apple and drank a glass of water he would never get out on the roof to change his mind.

Bill Bracken had a quick sharp temper which often got him into trouble, at one time

he had a quarrel with his family and left home to live with Sister Carr. He said later that he had a hard time to get enough to eat. She served bread and milk for supper but did not give him enough to satisfy him so he would put a lot of bread in his milk and then say, "well Sister Carr, I have so much bread here that I need more milk to go with it." Then he would say, "I have so much milk that I need more bread to go with it," which was the only way he could get enough to eat.

Sarah Jacobson said she came home, after being gone all winter, and went to do her spring house cleaning. She reached up to clean an upper shelf of the kitchen cupboard and a mouse jumped out and started to run down her neck, she caught a hold of it and the neck of her dress just in time to head it off. It was wiggling its tail back and forth across her neck. She called to one of the girls to come and get it out, but the daughter was afraid to take hold of the mouse's tail and ran to the barn to get her brother to come get it out. By the time he got there Sarah had squeezed the mouse to death.

Aunt Jane Gardner was quite plump and very witty. She had had some out of town relatives visiting. When they got ready to go she followed them to the sidewalk. It was garden water day and the irrigation ditch ran past their place. Her foot slipped and she landed on her seat in the ditch so the water ran out on each side of her. She said, "No one can say I'm not worth a dam."

Aunt Jane's husband was away from home much of the time and went on three missions which left her much of the work to do. She said that it seemed that she spent her life slopping cows and milking pigs.

One day a group of us were talking about a person, we didn't think amounted to much, that had just got married and we couldn't imagine anyone being dumb enough to marry such a person. Levi Gardner piped up and said, "We must

remember there has never been a rag so dirty that you couldn't find a bush to hang it on."

A man married into a family that the whole town thought was inferior. His Grandmother said, "Well, if he burns his own seat he'll have to sit on the blisters."

One day I Bess Snow and LaRue Snow and Thelma Gardner, who were my cousins and pals, were playing out in Aunt Alice's back yard. We decided we would like some lemonade. In that day lemonade was made by mixing tartaric acid with lemon extract, sugar and water. We decided that if each of us furnished one of the ingredients Aunt Alice would let us make it. LaRue said she would go in and ask her mother. So we went into Aunt Alice's kitchen and Thelma said she would furnish the sugar. LaRue said she would furnish the tartaric acid and lemon extract. So I said I'd furnish the water, as that was the only ingredient left. Aunt Alice said she thought they had plenty of water. So I said, "Well then I'll furnish the spoon to stir it with." To this day that is still a Pine Valley word.

There was a woman, who was the talk of the whole countryside, because of her

ungodly temper. She came to Pine Valley and went fishing down in the Gulch. There a rattlesnake bit her. Her whole leg & hip went black and blue. When LaRue Snow heard about it she said, "Did the snake live?"

A school teacher asked the class if any of them had seen a snow plow. LaRue Snow said she had. The teacher asked her if she would describe it to the class. She said, "He was wearing Levi Straus overalls and a blue and white plaid jumper."

When Paul Beckstrom was a small lad he came into the house and his mother asked him if he knew where his Dad was. He said, "He is out there hauling nure. His mother said "it isn't nure you should say manure. "It isn't either manure, it is horse nure."

I am a spinster. One day my small nephew came in and said, "Aunt Bess why didn't you marry that man?" "What man?" I asked. "The best man in the world," he said. "I never had a chance to marry the best man in the world," I replied. "Well, there is a man over to Aunt Emma's who said you wouldn't marry the best man in the world."



Testimonies



The town had a religion class Thursday night right after school. Each child was supposed to get up and bear his or her testimony telling of how he or she had been blessed by doing God's will. These testimonies weren't very educational but they were highly entertaining. The following are some samples of testimonies given:

MERRILL BRACKEN

I got on my horse Harrow Bill and he bucked me off, so Pa got on him and just beat him around.

LAURA GARDNER

Mama sent me out to the woodpile to get some chips. I didn't go and the fire went out.

LEVI SNOW

Once I had a belly ache and Ma gave me some Castor Oil and I got better.

JEANETTE BRACKEN

Once I was sick and R.B. and Bub (who was all one and the same man) came down and administered to me and I got well.

RODNEY SNOW

I had the Chicken Pox, Scarlet Fever, and Whooping Cough and they didn't do a darned thing for me and I got well.

“TWENTY YEAR REPENTANCE”

by Bessie Snow

A number of years ago, when I was teaching school in St. George, I came home and found that someone has cut the top off from a beautiful Blue Spruce I had in my front yard. I was boiling mad and thought I wish I could have caught the thief and I would have taken the key out of his car and dropped it into my well. I wondered how anyone could have done that without someone seeing them. Then it dawned on me that the microscope hadn't yet been invented through which a person that small could be seen. I assumed that they had taken it for a Christmas tree and hoped that they enjoyed celebrating Christ's Birthday with it.

Shortly after this I read an article on the Editorial page of the Salt Lake Tribune. It was entitled "The Most Unique Story in Utah". It said that someone in California had learned that he could get a Christmas tree for nothing in Utah, so to keep from paying for one in California he had driven to Utah to get one.

I wrote into the Tribune to the person who had sent the article in and said, "If you think your story is unique listen to mine." and sent the above article in. It never dawned on me that it would be published. A few days later the Principal of the school came into my room laughing and had a copy of the Tribune in his hand it had the article, I had sent in and was entitled "The Smallest Person in Utah."

Twenty years went by and one day a knock came on my front door and in rushed a former student of mine that I had thought enough of that I figured he had never done anything wrong in his life. He came in and sat down and said, "This has been on my

conscience so long that I can't stand it any longer. I'm the guy that cut that Blue Spruce out of your front yard. A bunch of us kids were up here fooling around and saw that tree, and I suggested that we cut it down. The rest of them tried to talk me out of it but I insisted, so I am the guilty guy. Now I want to pay you back for what I did. Is there anything I can do for you to even up the score?

I replied, "Yes, I'm just getting ready to rake up the leaves, cut out dead flowers, grass and weeds before it starts to snow, and I'll let you do it and haul the stuff off."

I was only kidding. It happened that over the years the tree had grown back again with two trunks from where it had been cut off and one could never tell it had been cut off unless you got up close to it. I told him this. He had the impression it was a tree closer to the house. I told him that he didn't need to do anything. But he was determined he was going to do something for what he had done. The following week end he brought his small child and wife, who didn't know it had ever happened. He cleaned my lot up so well, I told him if that was the way he paid for his sins I wished he would come cut out another tree for me.

Such a thing as writing this story up for our book never entered my head until just the other day I met his wife, who is very charming and witty. She said she never had so much fun in all her life as the day she helped her husband clean up my yards, and had always called it "TWENTY YEAR REPENTANCE" ever since. She thought I ought to put it in the book. Her title is the thing that caused me to do it.

The History Of Grass Valley

Umpstead Rencher Jr. was born in North Carolina six months after his father died. His father left him with considerable wealth. He was educated in Wake Forest College, Wake County North Carolina. At the age of 22 he married Elizabeth Jemima Philpott. They moved to Sumpter County, Alabama where three of their children were born.

Later they moved to Liberty, Texas. It was here that they were converted to the Mormon Church. They settled in Lehi, Utah in 1855. Here they had two more sons. With the passing of time more children were born to them until they had 12. From this family have come many bishops, stake presidents, a patriarch, and missionaries. Many are college graduates, farmers and stockmen.

In 1857 President Brigham Young called 28 families to go to southern Utah to colonize what was known as the "Cane and Cotton Mission." They started the town of Washington, the 4th town in southern Utah. They came down in April and May. Most of them were converts from the southern states. In this group was Umpstead Rencher's family. They proved that cotton, cane and other semi-tropical plants could be grown here. The living conditions were so unpleasant, with extreme heat, drought, bad water, and malaria that some of them moved up to Pine Valley, that had been started in 1855, where it was extremely pleasant and beautiful.

In 1858-59 he was called to be a herdsman for the settlers of Washington. At first he cared for the cattle in the area known as Dameron Valley. Later he moved farther north where he fenced a garden spot and

built a log cabin on the left bank of the Santa Clara Creek. This place was later known as Chad's Ranch. He was permitted to raise grain and potatoes as well as raise cattle and sheep for himself while he cared for the settler's herd.

At an early date herd grounds for the different communities were allotted by the County Court. At the June term of Judge McCullough's Court in 1860, "Umpstead Rencher was granted a 5 mile square in Grass Valley, for the use of the people of Washington, a herd ground.

Grass Valley is located just over the Cedar Hill, which is on the north side of Pine Valley. He later became an independent farmer and stockman. He took up ground on the north side of Grass Valley by a big spring. Here he developed a farm and large dairy from which he made a fortune. There was a big spring that rose out of the ground. Umpstead walled the spring up with rocks and it furnished household water and a nice stream for gardening. The spring still stands today just as it did when he walled it up. It still gurgles forth its life giving water and is still a thing of beauty. M.E. Bracken told me, Bessie Snow, that he was sure Umpstead had made enough money from the place to have bought out all of Washington County at that time. Not only did the family farm and run a dairy but acquired herds of cattle and flocks of sheep with sufficient ranges nearby to sustain them. The nearby mountain is still called Rencher Mountain. The products from the dairy and farm were freighted by teams and wagons into Salt Lake City and to the mines

of Pioche, Nevada where he received high prices for his products. Chese sold for a dollar a pound. M.E. Bracken told me that he was sure that Umpstead had a steady stream of wagons going to and from the mines. In that day they were paid with gold and silver. Banks had not yet come into this area. One day a hired girl was working for the family. She was mopping the kitchen floor and went to move a large chest so she could mop under it. She couldn't move it an inch. Umpstead told her she could have its contents if she could move it. He opened it and she found it was filled with gold and silver coins.

Having come from Texas, he built a small edition of a Southern Plantation. He had William P. Sargent, a southerner from Georgia who had also come west, joined the Mormon Church, settled in Lehi, and moved to Pine Valley, come and build him a beautiful mansion. Sargent had married Maria Snow, a daughter of William Snow. Later Maria's sister, Mary Lorena Snow, married Umpstead's son James Grandison Rencher. The house was spacious and grand for the day in which it was built, with a fireplace in most of the rooms and a porch running the full length of the house. He built a school house and hired a private teacher for his numerous children.

This place is now one of the few in the entire country around that has never changed hands. It is still owned by Renchers and Umpstead's fifth generation of sons still living there after more than a century.

Grass Valley was so high and cold at first they moved to Santa Clara for the winters and back for the summers. Later they stayed in Grass Valley the year around. While living in Washington and Grass Valley more children were born making a total of 12.

The Rencher family became acquainted with the settlers in Pine Valley and the two groups got along very well together. Renchers would have parties and dances and invite the Pine Valley people over. They came to the parties and dances in Pine Valley and they were very congenial. My

Grandmother, Ann Rogers Snow, said the Rencher girls always stayed at her house when they came to Pine Valley.

Mary Lorena Snow first became acquainted with James "Uncle Jim" Rencher at one of the Rencher dances. Some of the young swains at the dance took Mary Lorena "Aunt Rene" and Uncle Jim and tied them to one of the porch posts with their backs together. By the time they were turned loose they had become very well acquainted with each other. I don't know if it might have been then that they became engaged.

Lorenzo Brown's diary lists many interesting things about the Renchers. He speaks of parties, dinners, dances and over-night visitors at their home, even of buying a 24½ pound cheese there.

James G. Bleak's minutes of Grass Valley says: "After meeting, the missionaries drove from Pine Valley to Umpstead Rencher's home in Grass Valley. They partook of dinner, then traveled to the camping place in Grass Valley which had been chosen as a camping place to celebrate the 24th of July. The place was found to be a very agreeable selection among the pines. The men from Pine Valley had already laid down a large dancing floor and made ample preparations for a large gathering from St. George and other settlements of the Mission.

Friday the 24th day of July at daybreak, the Parowan Band under direction of the Band Master, Thomas Durham, aroused the camp. Meeting commenced at 11:30 a.m., singing by the Parowan Choir, prayer by Elder Joseph W. Young, followed by singing by the Pinto Choir." Surely the Rencher family lived by the side of the road, and was a friend to man.

April 15, 1871 President Young decided it was time to build a temple in St. George. Umpstead helped generously. He donated \$500.00 in cash as a beginning, also wagons, teams, machinery and workmen on the building. Brigham Young criticized him and said he ought to give more. Umpstead said, "When another man puts his hand in my

pocket and thinks he can tell me what to do, he'll find that he is mistaken." Because of this Umpstead decided to return to Texas.

In the year of 1890 they started back to Texas. They went by train this time. The older children remained in Utah and kept up the old home in Grass Valley. One by one they moved away all but James Grandison "Uncle Jim," who remained there for the rest of his life.

Umpstead with his wife and children, who went with him, reached Twin Sister Ranch not far from Austin, and remained there for a short time. They were already questioning if they should have left Utah. Umpstead suddenly became very ill. His illness was fatal, believed now to have been appendicitis. His last request was for his wife Jemima and children to return to Utah and the church. After his death they went on to Blanco, Texas where he was laid to rest in the Blanco cemetery. The family located at Blanco where they established a comfortable home.

At the time of Umpstead's death, his son Peter Preston, left the old home in Grass Valley and went to comfort and assist his bereaved mother. The family was still desirous of returning to the Church. This the brave little mother accomplished.

Umpstead's son William David Rencher married and settled in Arizona. He was called on a mission to the southern states. After completing his two year mission he visited his mother, brothers, and sisters in Texas. He persuaded them to accompany him to his Arizona home. Jemima still had six children left home.

They arrived in Eager, Apache County, Arizona July 16, 1894. There Jemima lived with her two unmarried daughters, Virginia Caroline and Emma Idabelle until her death January 18, 1909. She was buried in the Eager cemetery. Umpstead's son said of him: "Pa was well educated, far-sighted, honest, industrious and knew how to manage a family in love and wisdom."

Jemima was small in stature, slim and beautiful with lines of character and

accomplishments written in every line of her countenance. Always clean, well dressed and sociable in her peaceful home. Her teachings were noble, outstanding; among them were faith, honesty, industry, and virtue; the value of a clean mind and a clean body.

The second family to move to Grass Valley was George M. Burgess and his wife Rhoda Dykes.

William Burgess Sr. met Dorcas Dykes his second wife and married her in Illinois in 1847. Her husband had left two daughters Rhoda Dykes and Eliza and a son Lee. Two of William's sons, Horace and William Jr. had married 2 Pulsipher sisters. Horace married Iona Almira Pulsipher and had two sons George M. and Hyrum. Horace died at Winter Quarters. William Jr. married Maria Pulsipher. After Horace's death his wife paid no attention to her children but came to Utah. So William Jr. and his wife Maria took these two children George M. and Hyrum and raised them.

When the saints were called to Southern Utah William Burgess Sr. with his first wife Violate Stockwell and 2nd Dorcus Dykes all their children moved to Pine Valley.

Here George M. Burgess married Rhoda Dykes in 1864. They moved to Grass Valley and built a home that same year on the southwest corner of the valley. They were near the road that went from Pine Valley to Pinto. There in Pinto the road forked so one went to Salt Lake City and the other out to the Pioche Mines in Nevada where the men from Pine Valley and Renchers took lumber and produce to the mines. When one reads Rhoda's journal they would think she was running a free hotel. Every other sentence tells of someone stopping for dinner or to stay over night as they were traveling to Salt Lake or Pioche, and back.

Ebenezer Bryce who was the architect for the Pine Valley chapel built a home in Pine Valley. But because of his wife's health he was advised to move to a warmer place. So he moved out to what became known as Bryce Canyon in Garfield County. He traded

his Pine Valley house to Henry Slade for a herd of sheep, and moved to Paria Creek, settling at the mouth of a canyon with towering walls. He took up land adjoining what is now the town of Tropic, Utah. He built a road down the canyon to get wood. The place was named Bryce Canyon. In 1880 he sold this farm in Utah and moved to Arizona. He and his wife are buried in Bryce, Arizona.

About 1879 or 80 quite a large group left Pine Valley and moved out to Rabbit Valley in Garfield, Wayne and Emery Counties. Henry Slade was in this group. He sold his place to George Burgess, he with his wife, Amanda Melissa Burgess daughter of Harrison Burgess, went to Bluff down the Hole-in-the-rock Trail. They left Bluff and settled on the San Juan at Fruitland. They then went to Eager, Arizona. They next went to Durango, Colorado and spent the rest of their lives there.

Now George and Rhoda Burgess had a home in Pine Valley where they spent the winters and returned to Grass Valley for the summers. They belonged to the Pine Valley ward so they moved back and forth during the summers to attend church, Sunday School, Primary etc.

February 29, 1878 James Rencher married Lorena Snow and they lived in his father's house in Grass Valley for the rest of his life.

Robert Gardner Jr. and four of his sons took up ground in Grass Valley. Robert and his sons Jim and Tom took up ground just east of the Rencher home. While his sons Royal and Johnny took up ground on the south side of the valley just east of George Burgess's place. Robert also built a house across the street east from George Burgess where some of his other sons could come while they helped with the farm work in Grass Valley.

Lorena's sister Chloe Snow married Royal Gardner Nov. 16, 1875, and her sister Celestia Snow married Johnny Gardner Feb. 1877. All three of these Snow sisters moved to Grass Valley about the same time.

Robert moved his wife Lenora Cannon to Grass Valley the middle of May 1883. Tom Gardner married Elizabeth Cummings from Kanosh in 1883 and he and his brother James farmed in Grass Valley. Tom was called on a short mission soon after his marriage. When he returned his father bought James's land as James and his wife, Mary Louisa Meeks, were moving to Kanosh.

The Rencher, Burgess and Gardner families lived in Grass Valley and raised large families for a number of years. These families made their living by farming and raising cattle and sheep. Royal and Johnny also brought a sawmill from Pine Valley and placed it in the mountain at a place they named "Mill Canyon." Timber was brought from here and sold to the surrounding settlements after the sawmills in Pine Valley closed down. People who settled in Mormon towns in southern Nevada got their lumber from this mill. The timber used to build the Woodward School, in St. George, was sawed and brought down from the Gardner Mill. Royal's and Johnny's houses were built in lots that joined each other, their houses were just alike. They were beautiful and elaborate. They were built by George Whitehead and Daved Morris from St. George. A stream of water came out of Right Hand Canyon and ran down past the back of their houses. They used this for culinary purposes and gardens. Their barns and corrals were across the road south of their houses.

The front of their houses faced the Rencher and Gardner homes across the valley. As the years went by all the Grass Valley people had lovely homesteads, with orchards, gardens, flower beds, and shrubbery. From the mountains, where the mill was placed, they brought raspberry bushes and transplanted them. They had plenty of milk, cream, and cheese. They all had large families. Some of the older Gardner children were boys so they had plenty of help for the lumber business as well as the farming and cattle business.

Jim's and Lorena's daughter, Rose, says they started a school there that was held in the summer months. The school was first held in the Rencher Milk House. Later they built one in the fields half way between the Rencher and Gardner houses on the north side of the valley and the Gardners houses on the south side of the valley. This made about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile for each group to travel to school. There were 15 to 20 children of all ages in the school. They took their lunches with them also one for the teacher depending on whose place she was staying at the time. The first school teacher was Zadie Walker Miles. The second was Rosazina Sylvester Jarvis. They held Sunday School at the people's homes, each taking their turn. Uncle Jim Rencher was the Supt.. They often had picnics in the summer.

An amusing incident took place at Johnny's home while Zadie was living there which gave Pine Valley and Grass Valley a by-word that is still used to this day. At that period in history it was unheard of for a family to sit down to a meal until the whole bunch were gathered together so they could have family prayer and a blessing on the food. Often Johnny and Royal would be late getting home from the sawmill. One night Johnny was extra late. The children were tired and crying and Aunt Celestia wanted to get them fed and put to bed. Finally Johnny got home about 9 o'clock. But he had to get his team unhitched and fed, and wash his hands and face and comb his hair, then have the family kneel down for prayer. (Prayers were never short in that day.) A cupboard door had been left open just above his head. When he raised up he struck his back a blow on the sharp corner of that door. He turned and placed his arm on Aunt Celestia's shoulder and said, "Lestie I've a notion to say damn."

As time went by the Grass Valley people were able to get homes in Pine Valley and St. George where they could spend the winters and return to Grass Valley for the summers. As has already been stated George Burgess got Henry Slade's house.

William Burgess Jr. went to Rabbit Valley the same time as Henry Slade and Julia Cox Sargent lived in his house for a short time and then Royal Gardner got it. George Hawley moved his house from the Upper Town and placed it on the block south of Wm.P. Sargent's house. Fred Jones bought the house on that corner and later sold it to George Forsyth who sold it to Don Robbins. Johnny Gardner bought it from Don Robbins so he would have a place for a winter home in Pine Valley.

Jim and Lorena Rencher and Tom Gardner bought homes in St. George where Lorena spent the winters with her family. Jim stayed in Grass Valley all year. Tom Gardner's wife lived in St. George all the year around and he cared for the farm and cattle during the summers. Lenora Gardner didn't own a house in Pine Valley for many years, but spent her winters there living in different houses. Finally Robert's brother Archie came to Pine Valley and insisted that Robert build a house for her which he did and she lived in Pine Valley all the year around after that.

After that the Grass Valley people never again held church and had a school there. They came to Pine Valley for church services, school, and all types of recreation. They all had relatives there where they generally ate their meals during the summer.

Lenora had been set apart as a mid-wife and delivered many of the Pine Valley and Grass Valley babies. One Sunday all the Grass Valley people, had gone to Pine Valley to spend the day, except Uncle Jim Rencher and Aunt Celestia. She was expecting a baby so Uncle Johnny was going to bring Aunt Lenora back with him to deliver the baby. Suddenly she realized that the baby wasn't going to wait for Aunt Lenora. She looked out in the fields between her house and Uncle Jim Rencher's and saw him out there tending a stream of water. So she called to him. He came over and delivered the baby who later became a Major General in the United States Air Force. His mother

named him Grandison for Uncle James Grandison Rencher who had delivered him.

The first of the Grass Valley people to move away permanently was George M. and Rhoda Dykes Burgess who moved to Lund, White Pine County, Nevada in 1900. When he left Grass Valley he sold his place to Henry Holt from over on the Holt Ranch. The Holt Ranch was on the road that led to Pioche, Nevada. Henry moved to Grass Valley in 1903. Benj. "Bench" Burgess had started to build a brick house in Pine Valley, on a lot that had once belonged to Henry Slade, who was married to "Bench's" sister Amanda Melissa Burgess. Bench moved to Burley, Idaho and sold the house and lot to Henry Holt. Henry also bought ground that had belonged to Orlando Bracken who had moved out to Uinta country.

Bench had just completed two rooms, a pantry, and a porch. Henry extended the porch out over the well. Then made this into a large room that was used for a kitchen. The well had a pump so they pumped water right in the kitchen.

Henry remained in Pine Valley and raised his family until 1909. That year he moved to Central, Utah about 8 miles below Pine Valley, and sold his place to Frank Snow my father, the property now belongs to my sister Virginia Snow Lockett.

Henry sold his Grass Valley property to Stephen Bunker from Bunkerville, Nevada. Stephen's father, Edward Bunker Sr., was a member of the group called to settle the Dixie Mission. He was the second bishop of Santa Clara. He was called out into Nevada to start the United Order and went down and started the town of Bunkerville. While living in Santa Clara Edward's son, Stephen, became acquainted with Mary Josephine Knight the daughter of Samuel and Caroline Beck Knight. They were married in the St. George Temple January 1878 and soon after moved to Bunkerville. There they raised their large family.

James Franklin Cottam, of St. George, went to Bunkerville to teach school where he

met Stephen's daughter Caroline. They were married in Sept. 1909. Here in Grass Valley he and his father-in-law worked together, farming, and raising pigs and cattle. They bought property from John A. Gardner which included a house, farm land and ½ interest in a sawmill. James said that they were so inexperienced in the sawmill business that they sold it, after one day of unsuccessful logging, to Royal J. Gardner.

The Grass Valley people, who were left there, were all interested in education and sent their children away to school. Uncle Johnny and Aunt Celestia Snow Gardner sent their children to Cedar City to the Branch Normal School, then to Logan to the Brigham Young Academy, and later to the Agricultural College. It was in 1908 or 09 they sold their property to Stephen Bunker and moved to Logan and remained there the rest of their lives.

Uncle Royal J. and Aunt Chloe Snow Gardner and the older Bunker children also went to Cedar City to the B.N.S. and up to the B.Y.U. in Provo. Here in Provo, Aunt Lorena Rencher had her son Mason & daughter Ann and some of her neices and nephews from Pine Valley living with her while they went to school.

When the Bunkers and Cottams moved to Grass Valley James and Caroline "Caddie" moved into the John A. Gardner home. Here their first child Phyllis was born. Caddie's little sister, June, said, "the baby is ours. Caddie just borned her." The Bunkers moved back to Bunkerville for the winters and Caddie and James moved back to St. George. They came to Pine Valley for church services and recreation during the summers as the other Grass Valley people did.

They were doing well with their farming and stock raising when the New Castle Reclamation Company filed suit to condemn the ranch for a reservoir. During the summer the New Castle Company cut a canal across the farm. Their plan was to build a canal from the head of Pine Valley Canyon, to get the early spring overflow, take it across and around the Cedar Hill to

the canal on the farm and make a reservoir. There they made a tunnel to carry the water through to Pinto Canyon and run the water out onto the Desert (near what is now known as New Castle.) They built a dam on the west side of the valley so the water couldn't run back into the Pine Valley Big Creek and on into the Santa Clara. The company failed to check the type of soil formation. As the formation was volcanic the water just sank back into the ground and went back into the Big Creek. The company failed and the Bunker Cottam ranch was ruined.

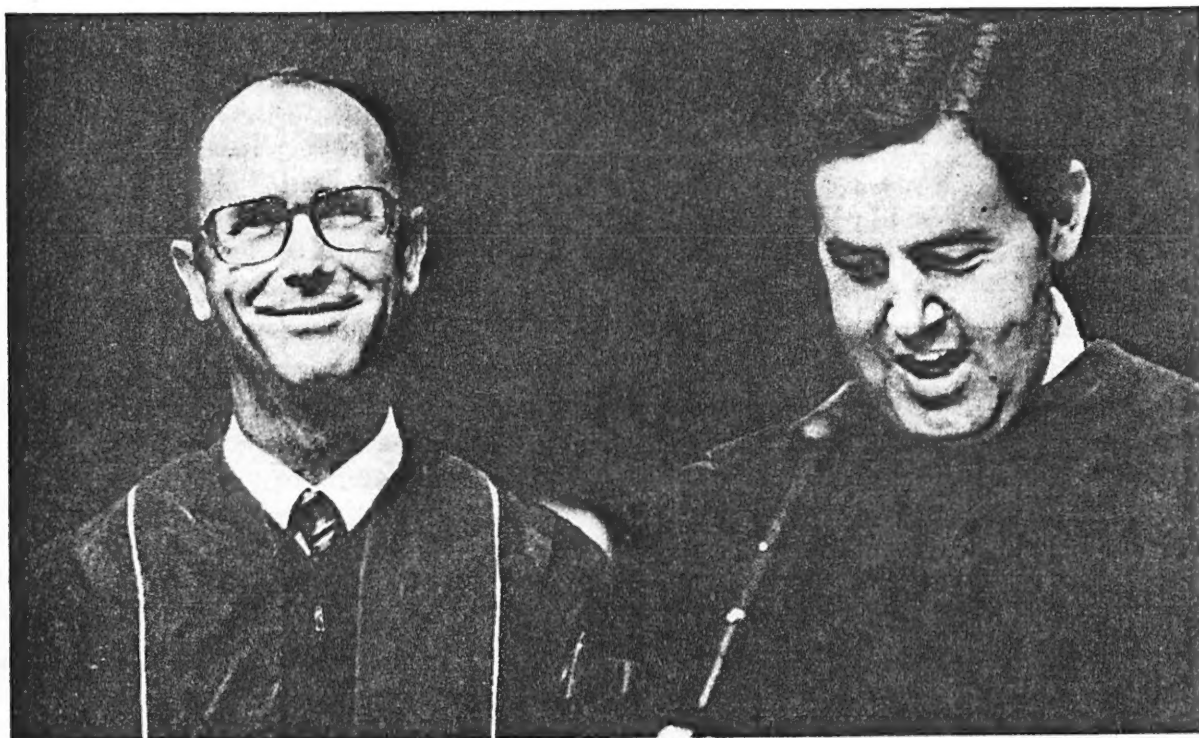
January 1912 James and "Caddie" moved to their new homestead called Glen Cove where Caddie's Uncle Jim Bunker lived, the place is now called Veyo. They moved the John A. Gardner house from

Grass Valley there where it is still standing.

Five years of law suits was too much for Stephen and he became mentally unbalanced, so Caddie and James cared for him for the next 12 years. He died Feb. 18, 1927 at Veyo and was buried there.

Later James sold the Grass Valley ground to Kuman and Erastus Gardner which they use for grazing rights.

Today the only people left in Grass Valley are some of Aunt Lorena's and Uncle Jim's great-great-grandchildren, and Uncle Royal and Aunt Chloe's son Kumen. The latter spends only part of the time there. Dean Gardner now owns and runs cattle on the range rights that belonged to his father Erastus.



University of Utah President David Gardner (left) is amused by President Holland's remark, "You're welcome here anytime—even during BYU-Utah games."

David P. Gardner, President of the University of Utah, left, and Jeffery R. Holland, President of Brigham Young University, both grandsons of the first two bishops of Pine Valley.